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SECRET SOCIETIES.

I. O. O. F.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE, No. 11, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting Brothers in good standing cordially invited to attend. C. R. BAYLESS, N. G. A. S. ALVORD, Sec.

T. E. G. RANSOM.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 52, meets at G. A. R. Hall every two weeks on Thursday, at 2 o'clock P. M. Mrs. P. B. RUMSEY, Pres. Mrs. LENA EMORE, Sec'y.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE,

No. 7, F. & A. M. Regular meetings of this Lodge are held every Tuesday evening in K. H. Lodge in each month. Sojourning Brethren cordially invited to attend. J. W. SHARP, W. A. J. E. BURCHARD, Sec'y. Examining Committee: W. J. Hill, Niles J. Cameron, John Kossbach.

O. E. S.

MOUNT FRISCO CHAPTER, No. 4, O. E. S. Regular meetings in Masonic Hall at 8 P. M. second and fourth Friday nights in each month. Malissa E. West, Worthy Matron; J. E. BURCHARD, Worthy Patron; J. GUTHRIE SAVAGE, Sec'y.

ROYAL ARCH MASONS.

STATED CONVOCACTIONS on the third Saturday in each month in Masonic Hall at 8 P. M. Sojourning Companions are cordially invited. J. E. BURCHARD, H. P. F. W. H. GUTTER, Sec'y.

RANSOM FOST.

No. 4, G. A. R., meets at Grand Army Hall, on the second and last Saturday in each month. Visiting Comrades are invited to attend. GEO. HOSWORTH, P. C. L. L. BURNS, Adjutant.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE,

No. 8, K. O. P. Regular convention of this Lodge held every Tuesday evening in K. H. Lodge in each month. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited. H. E. CAMPBELL, C. C. N. G. LAYTON, K. of R. & S.

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REFERENCES:—Bank of Arizona, Prescott, Ariz.; Arizona Lumber Co., Flagstaff.

HUNTING MUSKRATS.

An Important Industry of the Fishing Bay (Md.) District.

A visit to a muskratting village, as the scattering cabins of the trappers along the border of Fishing Bay, Maryland, are called, will be a revelation to the stranger. The cabins are rude, and have barely a habitable appearance. The occupants are squatters, and the materials of which their cabins are built have been appropriated from the nearest tract of timber land. The trappers and their families are a wild and tattered race of beings, but hardy and good natured. One peculiarity of a muskratting village is the large number of children that belong to each cabin. Another feature of the community is a species of razor-back hog that swells the population with its presence. This nondescript member of the porcine family has an important mission to perform in these settlements, and he performs it with a will. It is the making away with the hundreds of surplus muskrat carcasses that accumulate, although the flesh of the muskrat forms an important article of food with the trapper and his family. As for that, however, eaters of muskrat meat are not confined to the trapping villages of Fishing Bay, for it is considered a great delicacy by many an epicure in that land of terrapin and canvas backs. A remarkable thing about the razor-back hogs of the muskrat region is that, although they devour untold pounds of muskrat meat every day, they never show the richness of their keeping by adding a single pound of flesh to their cadaverous bodies.

The muskrat builds its house so that, while it has a couple of stories high and dry on the ground, the entrance to it is always under water. This entrance is a long tunnel running from a point a foot or more beneath the water at low tide line to the ground floor of the house, which is always flooded. The muskrat's reason for having this subterranean entrance to his dwelling place is that thereby he has an exit or entrance in time of danger that will not betray him to his enemies, either in his flight from home, or in seeking refuge within its walls. But his instinct does not warn him against the trap his most cunning and persistent enemy places at this hidden entrance to his home, changing it from a way to safety into an avenue to certain death.

This trap is a wooden box, three feet long and six inches in width and depth. In each end is a wire-door, hung on hinges at the top. These doors rise at the slightest push on the outside, but will not open from the inside. The trap is sunk in the water to the mouth of the muskrat's tunnel and anchored there, and whether the muskrat is going out of his house or returning to it, he is sure to walk into the trap. If he had time, the captive rodent could gnaw his way out of the box, but before he can free himself he will be drowned. A whole family of muskrats may be taken in a single night in one of these traps, and every trapper has out as many traps as he can attend to. There are other ways by which the muskrat is pursued. In the daytime the hunters steal over the marshes and jab long-handled spears with sharp barbed tines down through the roofs of the muskrat houses. Sometimes a spear will impale half a dozen rats as they lie curled together in their cozy nests. Hunters with guns skirt the marshes at night looking for muskrats with the aid of jack lamps, but that method of hunting is followed more to indulge the sporting inclination of the hunter than to reap profit. Times of extraordinary tides on the marshes are times always welcomed by the muskrat, for the rats are then forced from their houses, in spite of the infallible instinct they are alleged to possess in foreseeing such calamitous happenings and guarding against them by building their houses higher. They are compelled to flee to the open country and seek places of safety, which they rarely find, for the trappers and hunters have no difficulty in locating them, and so they are given over to a wholesale slaughter.—Clothes and Furnisher.

The Names of the Months. Every Christianized country on the globe, has adapted the old Roman names as applied to the months. Some are sadly altered, of course, but the old Latin root remains, nevertheless. The table given below shows the Latin names in the left-hand column, the popular name by which the months are known in Holland in the right-hand column, and the center column the Holland proper name. January, Laumand, Chilly month. February, Sprekmand, Vegetation month. March, Lentmand, Spring month. April, Graamand, Grass month. May, Bloemmand, Flower month. June, Zomermand, Summer month. July, Hoymand, Hay month. August, Oogmand, Harvest month. September, Noctmand, Autumn month. October, Wynmand, Wine month. November, Slegmand, Slender month. December, Wintermand, Winter month. These characteristic names are said to be the remains of the ancient Gaulish language, and were the titles by which our Anglo-Saxon ancestor knew the months.—American Notes and Queries.

To a Certain Extent He Was. The conversation had turned on literature. "I hope you are not an admirer of Fielding, Mr. Cahokia," remarked the young woman from Boston.

"Why, of course," replied the young man from St. Louis, candidly, "I like to see it when it isn't too ragged, but I always did think it was better than the wine games."—Chicago Tribune.

"This life of mine is wearisome, oh, so wearisome," said the trainman. "It reminds me of that beautiful line of the poet, 'Brake, brake, brake.' The only trouble is that the line is not quite long enough to work in all the brakes."—N. Y. Sun.

A Scotch physician has discovered that playing on the bagpipe wears away the player's front teeth in four years. Listening to a boarding-house piano wears out a man's patience much quicker than the meals wear out his teeth.

USING TROUT FOR BAIT.

It Was the Only Thing the Muskallonge Wanted, and They Got It.

There are several small lakes on the head waters of the Monistique river in Michigan, where there are enormous pickerel and muskallonge. Brook trout are abundant in the streams running into them. Fishermen have always lamented the failure of all their efforts to capture muskallonge in these lakes with any of the known live baits or lures, but a party of anglers who were bait fishing near one of the lakes this season discovered that the muskallonge would not accept any of the ordinary bait simply because they were highly epileptic in their tastes. One of the party of fishermen referred to, after exhausting all his skill in trying to capture a muskallonge, went to the mouth of one of the streams that empty into the lake and made a few casts for trout. He hooked a small one and was reeling it in when there came a sudden swoop and splash in the water and down went the trout and the fisherman's leader in the whirlpool that marked the spot where the trout had been.

The angler knew that a muskallonge had swept the trout and leader away, and he kept alive the next six-inch trout he caught, hooked it to his muskallonge hook and tossed it into the lake where he thought muskallonge would be apt to lie. The trout had scarcely sunk beneath the surface when it was ravenously seized, and the fisherman had the satisfaction of landing a fifteen-pound muskallonge. By using small trout for bait in that way twelve large muskallonge were killed in a short time by the party. At the same time every other kind of bait was used at the same spot without one muskallonge noticing it. At any time during the party's stay there muskallonge could be caught with trout as bait, but at no time with anything else. The big fish were connoisseurs. The stream furnished them with the most delicate of food, and they refused any morsel less choice. Trading off trout for muskallonge seemed like a decidedly unprofitable thing to do, but the knowledge obtained was worth the sacrifice.

Another lake in that vicinity has no more than a four-foot depth of water, and it has a bottom so soft that a pole twenty feet long will not fathom its depth. This lake is literally full of big pickerel. They bite at almost any thing, but the moment they are hooked they dive into the soft bottom and go down so deep that sometimes they have to be pried out with poles. It is no uncommon thing to find them out from a depth of four feet. The lake bottom is not mud or mire, but a pulpy mass resembling tapioca pudding.—N. Y. Sun.

THOUGHT SHE'D DROP IN.

And While She Was In She Told a Pleasant Little Story.

A busy Chicago housewife had just dusted the furniture and was about to wash the windows, when there came a violent ring at the door bell. A faded-looking woman, carrying a green parasol and a bag that peeked like a tobacco sack, walked in when the door was opened, and refusing to give her name, entered the parlor.

"Would you object to giving me your name?" said the housewife, when the strange woman had seated herself.

"Never mind my name."

"Will you please state your business?"

"Never mind my business."

"Well, but why am I honored with this visit?"

"I should like to find out now, if it will not be putting you to any unnecessary inconvenience."

"All right. My business is not very important, to be sure, but perhaps you might take some little interest in it. Your name is Mrs. Natterson, I believe."

"Ah, hah. How long have you known your alleged husband?"

"My alleged husband?"

"I have been married three years."

"That is, you think you have been married that long."

"I surely do not understand you."

"Oh, it's a matter of no consequence, but as I happened to be in this town and more especially as I chanced to be passing, I thought that I would drop in and tell you that this man Natterson married me in Massachusetts some five or six years ago, I forget which. But it amounts to nothing, you know."

"Merciful heavens, madam, you horrify me!"

"Oh, not necessarily, I assure you."

"Is it possible that I have been deceived?"

"Well, it looks rather that way."

"And have you come here to claim my husband?"

"Oh, not at all. I just happened to be passing and thought I'd tell you. Please don't think for a moment that I want him. It is true that men are rather scarce in the East, but even if they were ten times scarcer than they are, I shouldn't want that fellow. I have had quite enough of him, I assure you. Just happened to be passing and thought I'd drop in and tell you. Hope I haven't put you to any inconvenience. Good day."—Arkansas Traveler.

Interviewing the King of Finance. With the Baron de Rothschild I did not get on at all. He spoke English so like my French that the situation was painful.

"I am from the Graphic," said I. "Ah!" said he; "no London Gwaph-eeque; it sees one great paper."

"No," said I. "The New York Daily Graphic."

"Ah!" said he; "I see. No, I know nothing about it."

TRAPPED.

A Thrilling Story of Love and a Tight Fit.

"This is the bitterest moment of my life!" The young man who spoke these words from the depths of an overcharged heart sat alone in the cushioned seat of a railway car, with his knees drawn up against the back of the seat in front of him. He was a youth of comely appearance and shapely architectural construction, except for a peculiarity, now for the first time observed by persons who glanced at him as they passed along the aisle of the car. His legs appeared to have suffered a remarkable and unaccountable elongation from the knees down, with a leathery expansion of some twelve inches between the southern extremities of his trousers and the soles of his feet.

Full of the hopeful enthusiasm of youth, Cephas Wojjers had started from home four hours before with a light heart in his breast and a pair of new boots on his feet. He was on his way to Blandinsville, in response to a note received the day previous, which said: "Dear Cephas: Come on the afternoon train to-morrow. I shall be at the station to meet you."

Felsty McGinnis was the only daughter of a wealthy stock raiser residing in the outskirts of Blandinsville. For more than a year Cephas Wojjers had worshipped Felsty with a depth of devotion that at times affected him with symptoms of ague and seriously impaired his digestion. He had met her at a soiree de circus in a neighboring village, and had been granted the privilege of corresponding with her, but until now he had never gone to pay her a visit at her own home, and all along the journey his heart had beaten with a thump-thump-thump that had kept time with the clack-clack-clack of the car wheels that bore him every moment nearer to his destination. He had been diverted temporarily from his dream of bliss, however, after two or three hours riding by the imperious demand of his feet to be released from the imprisonment of the new boots, and with the self-possession of a man of resources Cephas had pulled the boots half way off.

Fatal mistake! The train was within a short distance of Blandinsville. It was now time to pull those boots on again. He proceeded to do so. He pulled. He braced himself and pulled again. He perspired.

He groined. With the natural reaction of prone, sensitive feet unused to prolonged oppression in hot weather those feet had swelled up in dignified protest and now refused to move either way, up or down.

They were stuck fast in the boot legal! Pause for a moment and contemplate the horror of the situation and weep silently.

"Blen'ny!" yelled the conductor. "Though the owner of the car Cephas saw Felsty McGinnis standing expectantly on the platform and saw that she had caught sight of him also. It was too late now to slip past the station. A moment later and he had hobbled out of the car, and with his boots flopping deliciously about as he walked he was making his way toward her."

"You have come, have you, Cephas? What in the world is the matter?"

"Yes, Felsty—gawd! these boots—I've come," he said faintly. "Please call an ambulance. Is there a shoe-maker's shop or a surgeon's office anywhere about here?"

The remainder of this thrilling story will be found in next Sunday's Tribune unless crowded out or suppressed on account of sympathy for Mr. Wojjers' family. Now is the time to subscribe.—Chicago Tribune.

Dirty Cheap at the Price. Wife—What did you buy such an expensive umbrella for, John? Husband—It was the last one of the kind the dealer had, and I got it at a bargain. The handle is solid silver; it was economy to buy it at the price I did.

Wife—It doesn't match that shabby suit very well. Husband—No, I s'pose I shall have to get a new suit of clothes.—New York Sun.

POINTERS. How to get even with some men—Pay them what you owe them. We respect our rich uncles for their great will power.

The barbed wire fence is the greatest drawback on a farm nowadays. A Cincinnati tailor has failed. He lost money speculating in wheat selivages in Chicago.

X advertises to exchange a shot gun for a trombone. If he resides in our neighborhood, we would beg him to keep the shot gun and blow in that.—Detroit Free Press.

A Slight Mistake. Customer (to jeweler)—Here's the clock I bought of you the other day. It's of no earthly use to me, for it gains fully fifteen minutes an hour. Jeweler (examining clock). My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons. This is one of our patent anticipatory timepieces, made exclusively for our billiard room and livery stable trade. Excuse the mistake. Anything you may select in the line of our regular citizen's clock we will exchange it for with pleasure.—Tina.

A Public Benefit. "Yes, sir, I consider myself a public benefactor." "In what way?" "I have invented cures for several of the most distressing diseases."

Third Citizen—I fully agree with you that you are a benefactor. "How do you know?" "I am an undertaker."—Lincoln Journal.

Plenty Now. An editor advises people to "take the family skeleton to the seashore and exhibit it in a bathing suit." As if hundreds of family skeletons were not exhibited in bathing suits at the seashore daily!—Norristown Herald.

It Would Have Got There Anyway. It is said that kissing was introduced into England by Rowena. There are lots of fellows who would like to subscribe \$5 for a monument to Rowena.—Burlington Free Press.

Summer Pleasures.

Now sultry grows the summer air And soda fountains spout: Let's to the Bangley Lakes repair And troll for monster trout.

We've heard about that region rare (The sportsman never lies). The trout each summer captured there Are all of monstrous size.

At Bangley Lakes the fishing's fine (So run the sportsmen's tales); Each finny beauty caught, at once Or ten pounds tips the scales!

Oh! let us see—hold on a bit— We must, of course, be fair— Some smaller fish they do admit Are captured here and there.

But when to Bangley sportsmen roam, This curious thing we find: The small fish only they bring home, The large they leave behind.

—Boston Courier.

Two Kinds of Squeezes. "James," said the father of the family, sternly, "your school reports have been anything but favorable this term. I suppose you failed in your examination as usual?"

"No, sir," protested the boy, "I passed, but it was a tight squeeze."

"Laura," continued the father, turning to his oldest daughter, "I think I heard voices in the hall late last evening. I have told you repeatedly not to let that young man stay later than 11 o'clock."

"It was just 11 o'clock when he left, father."

"That's so," testified James, coming to the relief of his sister. "I was at the top of the stairway and saw him go. He got away at 11 o'clock, but it was a tight squeeze."

"James!" shrieked Laura.—Chicago Tribune.

Hereditary. In an Italian parison there was a private soldier named Ugolino. One of the officers took the soldier aside one day and asked him:

"Are you a descendant of the famous Count Ugolino, about whom Dante wrote?" "No," replied the soldier, "all my ancestors were poor people."

"I refer to Count Ugolino who was starved to death with his sons in the tower of Piza." "If he didn't get enough to eat, very likely he was an ancestor of mine after all," replied the honest soldier.—Texas Siftings.

At the Seaside. Dorothy—But, Herman, I can't answer you now. I—I—give me time to think before I reply.

Herman (with rapturous passion)—Certainly, my own angel. But don't make it too long, because it costs me \$5 a day at this beastly hotel.—Washington Critic.

Fresh News. "Any news in the paper?" asked Joe of his companion yesterday. "Yes, the Armada is smashed all to pieces." "That's old news; read about it in my school days." "I don't care, the newspapers have just caught on, and I thought it was something fresh."

—Boston Journal.

A Literary Man. Jones—I say, Smith, I understand that Brown is something of a literary man. Smith—Literary man, yes. Why, Brown writes for the waste baskets of some of the leading newspapers and magazines in the country.—New York Sun.

A Groveling Soul. She—How immeasurably grand the ocean is! It always lifts me above myself and makes our own little lives and interests seem so petty and hollow.

Gustavus (who is feeling queer and has heard imperfectly)—I don't mind being hollow if I only dared fill up again.—Life.

Includes Everything. Coldy—Why is it, Orson, that every time you meet some polite attention to my ugliest sister.—Detroit Free Press.

Orson—Why, didn't you know that Trombly thinks he owns the earth?—Once a Week.

Infatigable. Ada—Why do you think Mr. Smith is in love with you? Ella—He pays such polite attention to my ugliest sister.—Detroit Free Press.

A Short Allowance. Mrs. Nobby—How many servants do you take with you to Bar Harbor, Mrs. Tiptop? Mrs. Tiptop—Only twenty-five this summer. You know I leave the baby at home.—Boston Herald.

Quiet Chuckles. With defaulters it is fly time at any season of the year.—Boston Post.

If most people only knew as much as they think they know, they wouldn't talk so much about it.—Somerville Journal.

A Fashion Writer tells us that puffs are quite the proper thing in female attire this season. It is noticed that actresses continue to come to newspapers for them as heretofore.—Boston Post.

If the orator could speak it would probably refer to the claim just now as its "steamed contemporary."—Boston Courier.

The girl of the period is not unused to arms, though she may utterly fail in the art of self defense.—Boston Commonwealth.

A city young man who while summing a week in the country fell in love with a pretty dairymaid, proposed, and was rejected, to his friends when he returned home that he only got one "milk shake" while he was away.—Norristown Herald.

You can tell when a dog is warm, the same as you can tell a dude when you meet him on the street—by his loud pants.—Yonkers Statesman.

Some people have strange tastes. Hugh M. Brooks, in this weather, is pleased to stay thirty days over his time in a hot St. Louis jail. He might have been hanged a week ago.—New Orleans Picayune.

As a result of advertising furniture on the installment plan a Fremont street furniture dealer was rather surprised the other day when a woman came in and asked for "Mr. Installment" and did not want to talk to any one else.—Boston Times.

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